

The Evening World

Published Daily except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 12 to 14
Park Row, New York.

Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States:
One year.....\$5.00
Six months.....\$3.00
Three months.....\$1.50
One month.....\$0.50

For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:
One year.....\$6.00
Six months.....\$3.50
Three months.....\$2.00
One month.....\$0.75

VOLUME 48.....NO. 18,848.

TWO YELLOW DOGS.

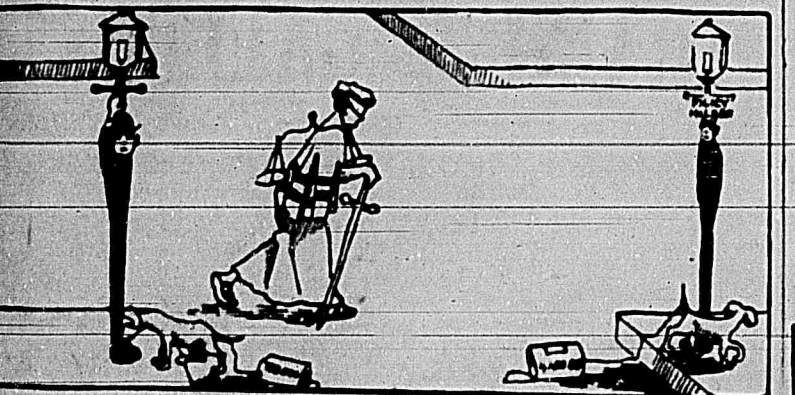


NOTHER Yellow Dog fund has been disclosed by the Public Service Commission's investigation. A new wave of shame overspreads the community at the confession of the misuse of vast corporate funds to influence legislation and to purchase political favors.

But what is to be done about it? Two years ago the same sad tale of widespread corruption was recited on the witness stand before the Armstrong Committee, where Charles E. Hughes, now Governor, produced books of account and vouchers to confirm the confessions of life insurance officials. The Metropolitan Yellow Dog funds so far unearthed amount only to \$798,000. The Yellow Dog funds of the three big life insurance companies aggregated \$4,470,000. Every penny of the life insurance boodle funds came out of the policy-holders' pockets, just as every penny of the Metropolitan's boodle funds came primarily from the strap-hangers of the City of New York and secondarily from the stockholders whose guaranteed dividends have vanished in the bankruptcy and receivership of the New York City Railway Company.

But who was sent to jail for that? Nobody. The taking of the money of any corporation for any other purposes than its legitimate corporate business is a crime. As well might the funds of a church be diverted to run a faro bank as to use the funds of a life insurance company or a railway to secure or defeat legislation or to purchase political favor.

Such misuse is theft. The statutory definition of larceny broadly covers it.



Every one of these Yellow Dog confessions reeks with violations of sections of the Penal Code. The failure to keep proper books of account, the destruction of checks and cash books, the payment of unearned dividends, the making of false reports, the use of money for legislation—all these things are crimes.

What good is a Penal Code? It merely says what the law is and what the penalty should be for its violation. Its companion, the Code of Criminal Procedure, prescribes the manner of enforcing the law and punishing its violators. It points out the duties of the District Attorney, of the City Magistrates, of the Grand Jury and of the Court of General Sessions. It is a series of sign-posts of the road to Sing Sing. Unless enforced it accomplishes no more than a dog baying at the moon.

But none of the violators of the law has travelled that road. Andy Hamilton can be found at his office on Wall street, as easily as Lemuel B. Quigg can be reached at his office on Broadway. With the exception of the men who are enjoying life abroad, the officers of the corporations responsible for these crimes can be seen daily on Broadway.

Their liberty is unrestrained. Their expenditure of the wealth they have amassed through these practices is unrestricted.

Day after day they go through the financial centres of New York, an example to every office boy and to every clerk of the way to riches and power by disregarding the law. Night after night they and their friends can be seen in the expensive restaurants spending part of what the policy-holders, the stockholders and the strap-hangers have contributed.

It is this that breeds lawlessness, that destroys respect for the law, that is substituting for the old American spirit the lust for money regardless of its source or its taint.

Notes Down the Bay.

THE city's Staten Island ferry-boats need painting. The wind has licked the varnish off the window-panes, and the colors are dim on the wood-work. Even the bankrupt Union Ferry Company can do some painting. The Pierpont has a lovely new coat of Pompeian red and a real gilt name.

The new Singer tower gives the city a needed majesty. Before it grew up into the sky the dead walls of the skyscrapers made the town look dull and featureless from the bay. The great tower breaks the gray line gracefully and adds a bit of much-required color, as the Campanile once marked Venice from the sea. What was commonplace before has suddenly become magnificent.

The great mansions between New Brighton and Snug Harbor, on the Staten Island shore, are falling into ruin. Windows are empty and bare, the old Pavilion Hotel and its neighbors stand as landmarks to the wrecking progress of commerce as conducted by the Standard Oil Company. The smoke and smells of the "Hook" drove out the well-to-do dwellers, and Mr. H. H. Rogers' electric light and trolley companies refuse to take proper care of their successors of lesser means.

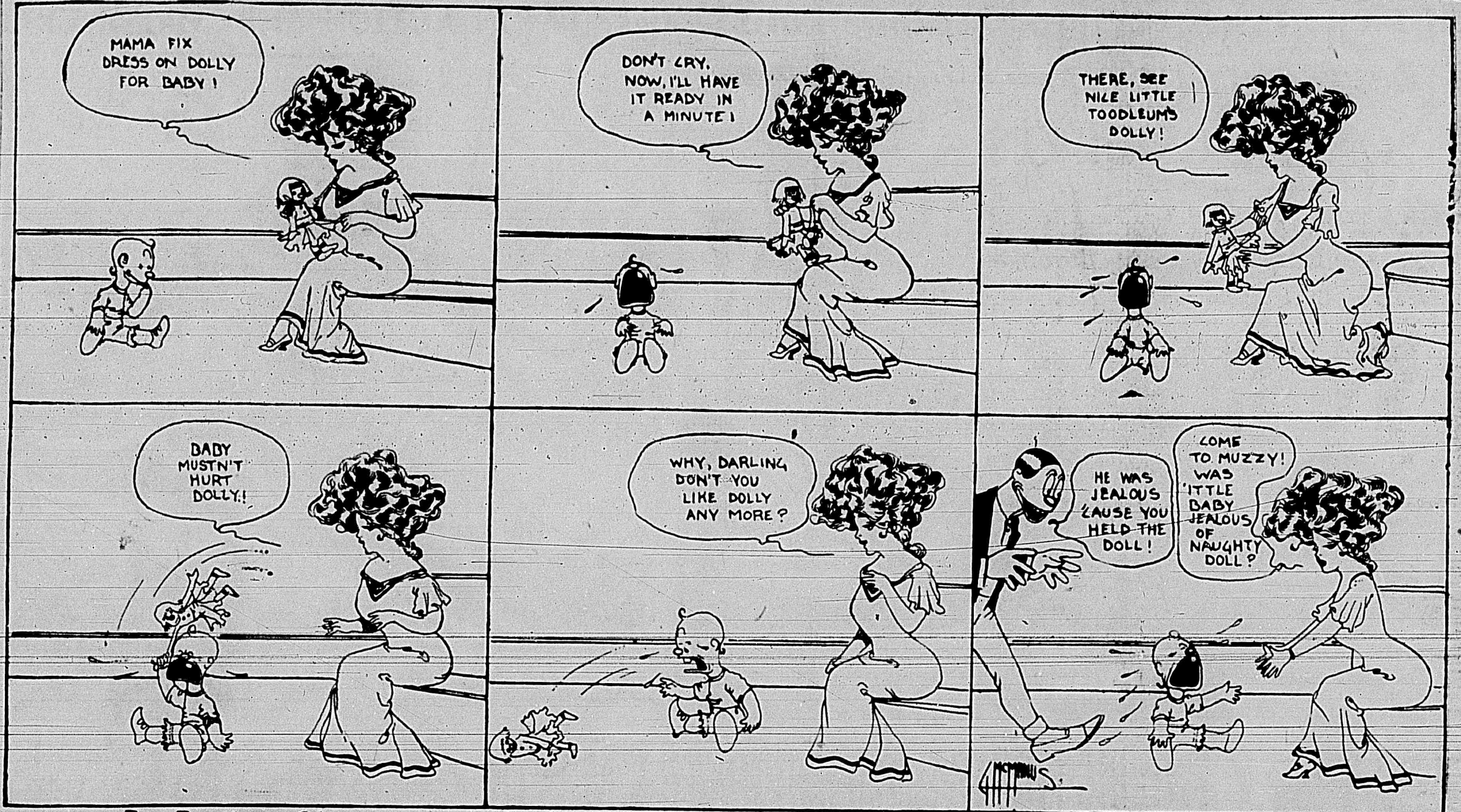
The big chapel at the Sailors' Snug Harbor is a blot on the symmetry of the buildings. The old boys didn't need a chapel, anyway, and it spoils the scenery.

Letters from the People.

Norwegian Sailors.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In reference to the article regarding a proposed challenge from the Swedes for the America's Cup, I would say by all means get as many Norwegian sailors to man the defender as possible and you will come pretty near winning, for they stand pre-eminently as the sailors

of the world. As yet they have not been beaten in seafaring undertakings. A. C. R.
Europe, 3,555,000 Square Miles;
United States, 3,002,000.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please let me know the area of the whole of Europe (in square miles), also the area of the United States. T. C.

The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus



For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World, Comic Section.

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists.

The Chorus Girl. By Roy L. McCardell.

"THEY ain't hazz kiddo, they're hanging gardens," said the Chorus Girl. "You going to have a slip cover made for this one, or cravenette cloth, and then the brave, upright rains may come, as them postcard mews would say, and I'll be under my ever-ready umbrella. Come over with a compliment now! Ain't I the beautiful young thing-in-the-woods? Oh, I guess it's bad, eh? How's everything? What care I if the sun don't shine? I've got a new hat. Don't give away a trade secret—all the skirts I know think I came across with eighty-seven iron men for it, but, whisper, a friend of Louis Zinsheimer and Able Woglesbaum, who's in hats, staked me on this one if it's not it by the trade-mark."

"Let's tell you, Dopey McKnight was crying this morning because he had no cigarettes for breakfast, and nobody would give him the price of the paper pipes, because he went and hooked

his lucky four-leaf clover watch-chain again. Dopey never had a watch-chain, but somebody gave him the lucky charm when he was in jail for alimony. Don't you remember he was looking at it the time he fell down the coal hole and had to live in one of Mamma De Branscombe's kimonos for a week because he'd ruined his Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday suit of clothes?"

"Dopey McKnight used to be as open as the day, but he's getting just as deceitful as anybody. He pretends he only smokes domestic cigarettes, because they are 57 per cent. proteids, and that Egyptians have absolutely no food value. But when somebody don't put over five pence for him for his kind it's good-by Lady Jane for anything he can find that will smoulder."

"Puss Montgomery says she see him smoking some of hers and holding 'em in a hairpin, not that he was afraid of staining his hands, because they look as if he was wearing russet leather finger stalls, but because he heard somebody say that iron was good for the blood."

"Donald De Branscombe got hit in the head with a newspaper in a cafe in Cincinnati and was temporarily insane for months, because whoever hit him with the folded newspaper forgot to take a piece of leadpipe out of it first. We know he wasn't in his right mind, for when he came out of the hospital he went and got a job as stoker in the gas works, and sent us a picture postal

card of the gas works from a series labelled 'Picturesque Cincinnati,' to prove it."

"After working like a top in the gas works for a couple of months reason dawned again, and such was his horror of the situation that he enlisted in the navy to lead the sailor's careless life upon the broad blue sea. But when he went aboard he found they had him rated as a ship's fireman."

"Since I've gone into vaudeville and am trying to get booked at Hammerstein's or the New York we've all got dotty over refined varieties, and it's us for the specialties every evening."

"And that reminds me, kiddo, of a story I heard about a rummy that was used as a chaser in a cheap continuous house."

"Every time somebody didn't show up, or every time they were setting a scene for a sketch or a feature act, or every time they wanted to chase out the stay-all-day family parties they'd send him on before a drop to do his best sort show specialty."

"Oh, how I love to sing and dance! Rat-a-tat, rattittat, at-tat! They'd even have him close the show when the moving picture machine got out of order."

"So one night he climbs for the hay after about forty appearances, as tired as a dog. In the middle of the night the bunk house gets on fire, and the watchman runs through the top floor and shakes him, ho!tering, 'Jump out, for your life!' And the poor star, hardly half awake, makes a Brodie from the top story singing, 'Oh, how I love to sing and dance!'"

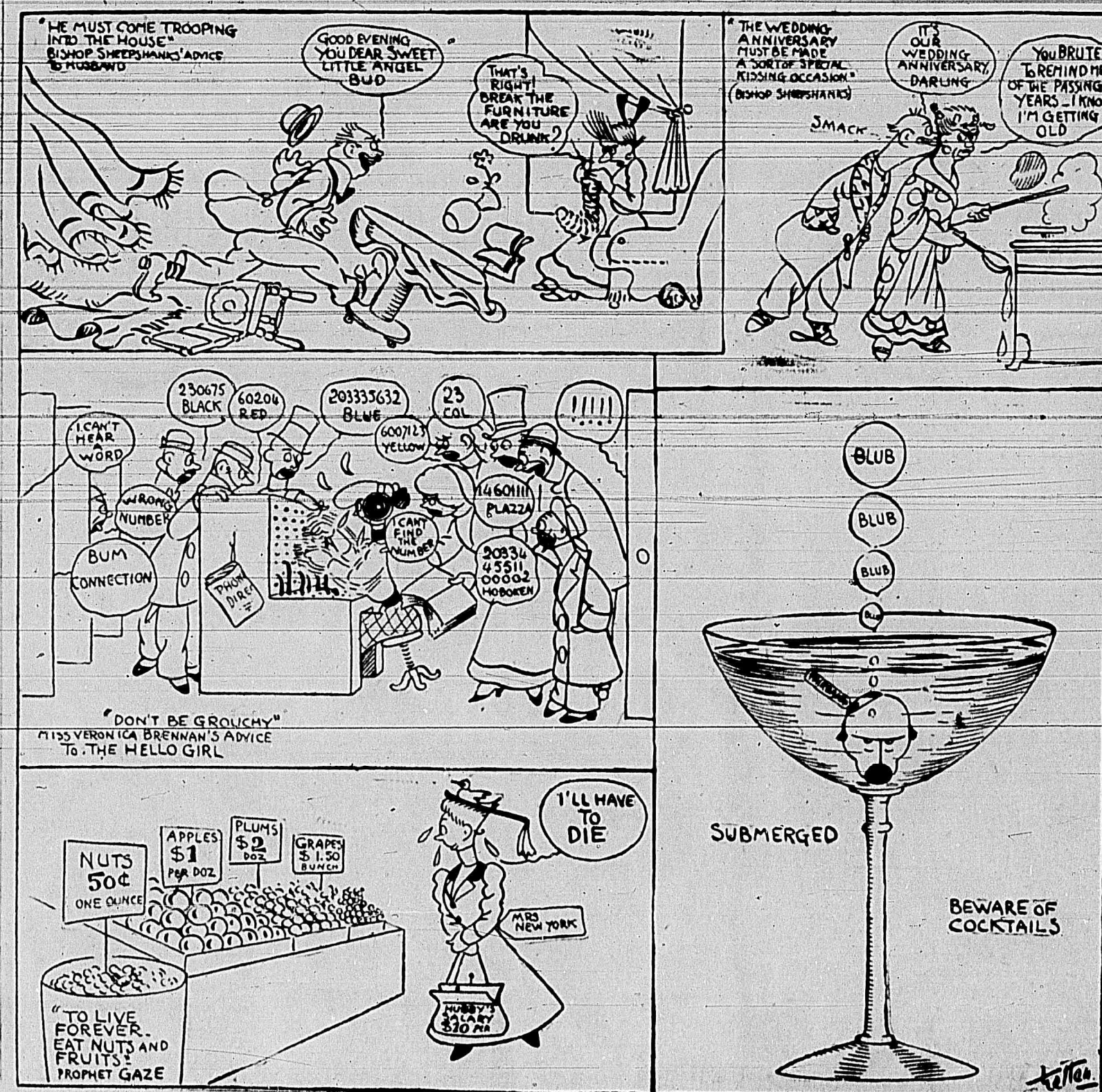
"Well, it was a new one on me."

"But, as I was telling you, it's us for advanced vaudeville every night, because Louise Werba's my pal and sees there's seats for us even if they are turning 'em away. Don't you think Vesta Victoria is the artistic ticket? And here's the funny thing: when she sings 'Don't Get Married Any More, Ma, I look at Amy De Branscombe and her mother, but they don't seem to take it home to themselves at all.'"

"That appeals to me, kid—that appeals to me!"

A Bunch of Advice.

By Maurice Ketten.



New York Thro' Funny Glasses By Irvin S. Cobb.

From High Glasses to Green Glasses.

DEAR GREEN—You never can tell what tricks fate is going to play on one. George Washington chopped down a whole tree full of cherries, and because he was caught with the goods on—he has been held up as a model for the youth of this republic ever since. Charles Waverfairbanks, who closely resembles George Washington in height—took a few cherries, possibly not more than half a pint, and strewed them about at the bottom of some periodically innocent little glasses, and just for that his Methodist brethren have buried the harp in him, up to the flange, and his Presidential boom now consists of himself and several close friends of the family. It must be a terrible thing to find the little gob of canned fruit can cause a great Presidential boom to shrink from the dimensions of Old Home Week in Indianapolis until it looks like a creature's jury going to dinner.

Then there is the sad instance of Mr. Lem Ely Quigg, who has been snatched up before the Utilities Commission and forced to relate a number of business facts over which he had intended to draw the veil of professional secrecy. What's that? Oh, yes, indeed, Mr. Quigg has a profession. He is a manufacturer and distributor of popular waxes. For years, it appears, he has been putting up waves for the trade in quantities and styles to suit the purchaser. He could turn out a small Harlem wave of protest, with hand-worked edges and flutings down the front, in an afternoon, while W never took him longer than two days to deliver a great outside wave of intense indignation, with cellophane effects and the full orchestral accompaniments. As a popular waxyist I consider that Mr. Quigg has no equal in this community. This opinion, I believe, is shared by the traction companies, who have for years been using his waves both here and at Albany with the greatest of success. He never yet got up a wave that failed to jell.

Yet some people have gone so far as to come right out and say that Mr. Quigg is a lobbyist and that he does lobbying by the day, week or job. How unjust! Where would the great ocean scene at the end of the second act of "The Count of Monte Cristo" be without some efficient gentleman standing in the wings making the waves dash up properly? Yet nobody ever referred to the stagehand as a lobbyist. My sympathies are with Mr. Quigg and his kind employer, Mr. Ryan, in the present affair.

Mr. Ryan is still another who has been frequently misunderstood. Some have been inclined to scoff at the statement which just emanated from him, per his lawyer, to the effect that the Metropolitan thinks just as much of the nickel of a school child as it does of the nickel of a millionaire. Haven't he proved it by insisting that the school child should go right on paying a nickel for a ride instead of three cents?

There is but little other news in our busy and growing town. John D. Rockefeller has taken to wearing a green vest, which is the color of crude oil; the President in his trip with the River Improvement Commission has talked about everything except the improvement of the river; Louisiana Bear preferred to quack feverish and active, and the plan to restore spanking in our public schools has suffered a severe setback through the rediscovery of the fact that it isn't spanking, but the victim of it, who generally stands most in need of restoring.

I should add that the theatrical season has opened up splendidly. All the Eastern playwrights are writing Western plays, and all the Western playwrights are writing Eastern plays. Yours, J. M.